

THE VIRGIN, THE DYNAMO & THE IBM 300

I had to tear myself away from my wife this morning to make the first race of opening day, and when I got to the track there they were: fancy new machines where a whole day's bets came out on a long receipt like at the Safeway or Von's.

Gone are the azure 10 dollar tickets and Sherwood Forest 50's, gone genius green and verdigris. Mutus mutandis we stand and the clerk types. Lord, not even the metre of 2's, rich as freight trains through bronze hills.

I swear if they can change the way it has been forever at the track, they can move the vagina, move and improve that wise and cordial part.

Dear Cherry Jean, when I come home will everything be right where I left it?

NIGHT GAMES

The announcer sets the stage
as I do dishes:

a green lawn reflects into
the upper deck. The clean-up
man taps his spikes

and I reach for the big green
bowl as he belts one over
the scoreboard breaking a
wineglass.

I turn off the faucet
just in time, saving 32,000
people from drowning.

-- Ronald Koertge

South Pasadena CA